Fairies. Readie: and I, and I, and I. Where ſhall we goe?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,
The hony bagges ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to ariſe,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, hartily: I beſeech your worſhippes name.

Cob. Cobwebbe.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bolde with you. Your name honeſt gentleman?

Pea. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod*, your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſt. Muſtardſeede.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeede*, I know your patience well. That ſame cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beefe hath deuourd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeede*.

Tita. Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower.
The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye:
And when ſhee weepes, weepes euery little flower,
Lamen-

Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, *and* Robin goodfellow.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extreamitie.
Here comes my meſſenger. How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

Puck. My miſtreſſe with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower.
While ſhe was in her dull, and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* ſtalles,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhalloweſt thickſkinne, of that barraine ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take:
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thiſbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Minnick comes. When they him ſpy;
As wilde geeſe, that the creeping Fouler eye,
Or ruſſet pated choughes, many in ſort
(Ryſing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the sky:
So, at his ſight, away his fellowes fly,
And at our ſtampe, here ore and ore, one falles:
He murther cryes, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their ſenſe, thus weake, loſt with their feares, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to doe them wrong.
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, ſnatch:
Some ſleeues, ſome hats; from yeelders, all things catch.
I led them on, in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Pyramus* tranſlated there:

When